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Miscellaneous.

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St. Petersburg.

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A century and a half ago the low marshy shores of the Neva, and the islands formed by the branches into which it separates just before it empties itself into the Gulf of Finland were inhabited only by a few scattered Finnish fishermen. But commanding the entrance to Lake Ladoga, it was a military position of some importance, and the Swedes had long maintained there a fortress, the possession of which had been often unavailingly contested by the Russians, up to 1703, when Peter the Great made himself master of it. He determined to found upon this desolate spot the future capital of his vast empire, and at once commenced the task, without waiting for peace to confirm the possession of the site. He assembled a vast number of the peasantry from every quarter of his empire, and pushed forward the work with the energy of an iron will armed with absolute power. The surrounding country, ravaged by long years of war, could furnish no supplies for these enormous masses, and the convoys which brought them across Lake Ladoga were frequently detained

by contrary winds. Ill fed and worse lodged, laboring in the cold and wet, multitudes yielded to the hardships, and the foundations of the new metropolis were laid at the cost of a hundred thousand lives, sacrificed in less than six months.

With Peter to will was to perform; he willed that a capital city should be built and inhabited, and built and inhabited it was. In April, 1714, a ukase was issued directing that all buildings should be erected in a particular manner; another, three months later, ordered a large number of nobles and merchants to erect dwellings in the new city. In a few months more another ukase prohibited the erection of any stone mansion in any other portion of the empire, while the enterprise of the capital was in progress; and that the lack of building materials should be no obstacle, every vessel, whether large or small, and every peasant's car which came to the city, was ordered to bring a certain specified number of building stones. The work undertaken with such rigid determination, and carried on with such remorseless vigor by Peter, was continued in the same unflinching spirit by his successors; and the result was the

present St. Petersburg, with its aspect more imposing than that of any other city on the globe, but bearing in its bosom the elements of its own destruction, the moment it is freed from the control of the iron will, which created and now maintains it:—a fitting type and representative of the Russian Empire.

The whole enterprise of founding and maintaining St. Petersburg was and is a struggle against nature. The soil is a marsh so deep and spongy that a solid foundation can be attained only by constructing a subterranean scaffolding of piles. Were it not for these the city would sink into the marsh like a stage ghost through the trap-door. Every building, of any magnitude rests on piles; the granite quays which line the Neva rest on piles. The very foot-pavements can not be laid on the ground, but must be supported by piles. A great commercial city is maintained, the harbor of which is as inaccessible to ships, for six months in the year, as the centre of the desert of Sahara. In the neighboring country no part produces any thing for human sustenance save the Neva, which furnishes ice and fish. The severity of the climate is most destructive to the erections of human hands; and St. Petersburg, notwithstanding its gay summer appearance, when it emerges from the winter frosts, resembles a superannuated belle at the close of the fashionable season; and can only be put in proper visiting order by the assiduous services of hosts of painters and plasterers. Leave the capital for a half century to the unrepaired ravages of its wintry climate, and it would need a Layard to unearth its monuments.

But sure as are the wasting inroads of time and the climate, St. Petersburg is in daily peril of an overthrow whose accomplishment would require but a few hours. The Gulf of Finland forms a vast funnel pointing eastward, at the extremity of which stands the city. No portion of the city is fifteen feet above the ordinary level of the water. A strong westerly wind, blowing directly into the mouth of the funnel, piles the water up so as to lay the lower part of the city under water.

Water is as much dreaded here, and as many precautions are taken against it, as in the case of fire in other cities. In other cities alarm-signals announce a conflagration; here they give notice of an inundation. The firing of an alarm-gun from the Admiralty, at intervals of an hour, denotes that the lower extremes of the islands are under water, when flags are hung out from the steeples to give warning of danger. When the water reaches the streets, alarm-guns are fired every quarter of an hour. As the water rises the alarms grow more and more frequent, until minute-guns summon boats to the assistance of the drowning population.

So much for the lower jaw of the monster that lies in wait for the Russian capital; now for the upper:—Lake Ladoga, which discharges its waters through the Neva, is frozen over to an enormous thickness during the long winter. The rapid northern spring raises its waters and loosens the ice simultaneously; when the waters of the Gulf are at their usual level, the accumulated ice and water find an easy outlet down the broad and rapid Neva. But let a strong west wind heap up the waters of the Gulf just as the breaking up of Lake Ladoga takes place, and the waters from above and from below would suffice to inundate the whole city, while all its palaces, monuments, and temples would be crushed between the masses of ice, like "Captain Ahab's" boat in the ivory jaws of "Moby Dick." Nothing is more probable than such a coincidence. It often blows from the west for days together in the spring; and it is almost a matter of certainty that the ice will break up between the middle and the end of April. Let but a westerly storm arise on the fatal day of that brief fortnight, and farewell to the City of the Czars. Any steamer that bridges the Atlantic may be freighted with the tidings that St. Petersburg has sunk deeper than plummet can sound in the Finnish marshes from which it has so magically risen.

Nor is this merely a matter of theory and speculation. Terrible inundations, involving enormous destruction of life and property have occurred. The most destructive of these took place on the 17th of November, 1824. A



strong west wind heaped the waters of the Gulf up into the narrow funnel of the Neva, and poured them, slowly at first, along the streets. As night began to close in the rise of the waters became more and more rapid. Cataracts poured into doors, windows and cellars. The sewers spouted up columns, like whales in the death-agony. The streets were filled with abandoned equipages, and deserted horses struggling in the rising waters. The trees in the public squares were crowded with those who had climbed them for refuge. During the night the wind abated, and the waters receded. But the pecuniary damage of that one night is estimated at twenty millions of dollars, and the loss of lives at eight thousand. All through the city a painted line traced upon the walls designates the height to which the waters reached. Were ever house-painters before engaged upon a task so ghastly? But suppose that, instead of November, April had been written as the date of this inundation, when the waters from the Lake above had met those from the Gulf below; St. Petersburg would have been numbered among the things that were—*Ilium fuit*.

### Cape Cod Characteristics.

(From a very interesting address delivered in November last before the "Cape Cod Association" by Henry A. Scudder, Esq., we make the following extract, beautifully descriptive of the somewhat anomalous and often misunderstood character which is generated by the peculiar influences under which the society of Cape Cod is formed.)

The system of early training upon the Cape is singularly calculated to develop peculiar attributes of character. I speak not now of that learning which is taught in books, but of that discipline which comes only from experience and association. We borrow unconsciously much of character and destiny from the surrounding circumstances of our early life. The career of the Cape Cod boy is a striking illustration of this fact. By early educa-

tion he becomes a sailor. From his infancy he looks upon the ocean as his future theatre of action. The very nursery is to him a scene of preparation. A neatly modeled vessel is, in fact, the beau-ideal of his childish fancy. The pigmy craft becomes his chosen plaything. At seven, he trims her little sails, and navigates her skillfully from creek to creek. At eight, he takes preliminary lessons, he ventures upon his favorite element, and learns the art of swimming. At ten he is usually master of the rudiments, and is ready to embark upon the fortunes of a sailor's life—to him so full of novelty and romance. He now looks forward to the hour when he may realize his boyish dreams, and gratify his young ambition, by witnessing those very scenes of which he has so often heard with wonder and delight. He steps on board his gallant ship with a heart full of noble aspirations. He rejoices in the office of a cabin boy, and yet he gazes with a longing eye upon the post of foremast hand. He laughs to think the time is coming when he may climb those dizzy heights and do an able seaman's duty. Stage by stage, he marks the years of his advancement, from the galley to the fore-castle, from the fore-castle to the quarter deck. With an eye of faith he views the approaching day when, as master, he shall pace that noble ship, and be himself in turn a hero.

How many years of hardship does that boy endure in such anticipations, But it is not in vain to him. Rising, step by step, through every grade in regular succession, from cabin-boy to captain, he at length assumes that high command, and enters upon its duties as a monarch of the deep.—Upon that floating deck he knows no master now. His will, his word, his judgment, and his purpose, are supreme. The lives, the fortunes, the property and hopes of many are entrusted to his care. With a strong and unfailing heart he meets his great responsibilities. Thus is he schooled and thus is he fitted for his exalted sphere. And what a school for humanity is here;—what discipline of mind, what development of soul, is begotten by a life like this.

Consider, once more, the general character of that employment; the world-wide school of experience it affords; the acquaintance it begets with the various countries and cities upon the globe; the knowledge it imparts of man and manners; the opportunity it gives for social communication with every class and condition of mankind. Consider, again, the leisure which it furnishes for reading and meditation; the long dull hours on shipboard, which cannot otherwise be profitably or even pleasurably spent. A moment's reflection convinces one that uncommon advantages here exist for self-cultivation; that the strongest inducements are here presented for the improvement of those advantages; and that, as a reasonable, if not a necessary consequence, the choicest attributes of character are here developed for the social and domestic circles of life.

Among such men you are not to look for that highest degree of mental discipline, or for those varied and refined accomplishments, which are found among those who congregate in cities. In the early discipline of boyhood, they generally lay the solid foundation of a practical New England education, and upon this they subsequently build a noble and peculiar superstructure. For the learning of the schools, they have but little occasion, and but little opportunity. If, however, you desire such information as cannot be found in books; if you are in search of that knowledge which comes from travel only, and which generally makes the agreeable companion; here you have it face to face. Let your conversation take its widest range; discuss the condition and appearance of foreign countries; the productions of their soil; the education and occupation of their citizens; their style of dress and architecture; in fine, extend your inquiries to the manners, customs, character and habits of all nations,—and you will have men of intelligence about you, who, from the stores of their experience, are able and ready to impart.

You are not to expect among such men those cultivated graces which adorn the more elegant circles of metropolitan life; yet, there is a manliness and generosity of deportment about

them which always elicit admiration. Of all New England men, such as the country can produce, there are but few I think, who so command attention or regard as the aged and middle-aged gentlemen upon the Cape. Cordiality, liberality, frankness, and independence, are the prominent and distinguishing features of character among them. You behold in them the sinew and courage of a giant,—while, at the same time, you discover the gentleness and affection of a child. In their general demeanor, they are courteous and respectful,—yet, from habit, they address you with an air of firmness and authority. With the manners of the world they are perfectly familiar,—and yet, practically, they are strangers to its narrow subterfuges. Their position has been one of dignity and honor; their word has been the law of their floating province; they have had no occasion, therefore, to study the arts of petty dissimulation. Servility of conduct does not, in fact, belong to those who are accustomed to command.—In fine, their presence, tones and actions, all inspire you with confidence and attachment. You feel that you are dealing with a class in whose souls the noblest principles of human nature have been developed.

In a community, consisting of such men, it is needless to remark that the social sentiments generally predominate. If not thus inclined by nature, their situation upon the Cape would lead to this result. Home with them is by no means a theatre of gain,—it is rather a place of retirement and recreation. Their minds are no longer occupied with schemes of traffic and busy competition. The harness of labor is cast aside for a season, while they devote themselves to the rational enjoyments of life—to the pleasures of friendly communion, and social intercourse. A spirit of good faith and good fellowship, usually prevails throughout their precincts. The neighborhood becomes, in fact, but a wider extension of the family circle. With open hands, open hearts, and open doors they welcome each other to all the hospitalities which their condition will afford.—Nor do they limit their generosity to mere acts of neighborly



kindness and civility. The latch-string of their sympathy is never "pulled in." The stranger among them is always greeted with respect, and the temporary sojourner becomes the village guest.

The virtues of the citizen and the neighbor, however, shine brighter, it is said, in the husband and the father. Nowhere is this truth more apparent than among the inhabitants of the Cape. It is natural that it should be so. After a career of twenty or thirty years upon the ocean, the Cape Cod captain generally attains the object of his pursuits,—and he then retires, with a reasonable competency, to pass the balance of his days in leisure and repose. Having been engaged in the most important and respectable departments of commerce, with every class and condition of mankind, his soul has become enlarged; his views, his feelings, and his tastes, refined; and he is thus prepared to appreciate, and to cultivate, the higher virtues of life.

"Like a long lost child, returned at last—  
Like a weary man, when the day is past,"

he revels in the scenes of domestic bliss. The pleasures of home are made sweeter by the recollection of his former toils. Its duties and its relations are rendered doubly dear to him now, because of his earlier privations. To be a citizen upon his native soil, released from the cares and dangers of his calling—to be at rest in the midst of those he loves—is to him a situation full of novelty and delight. He enters upon its enjoyments, therefore, with a heart full of the freshness and buoyancy of youth.

To the above which we cut from the "Congregationalist," we subjoin the following characteristic and illustrative anecdote.

"Passing," says a gentleman, "through Nantucket last summer, we stopped at an out-of-the-way house for a glass of water. As we approached the half-open door, we beheld the following scene, which excited our risible faculties at the time, to a considerable extent. An urchin, some six years old, had fastened a fork to the end of a ball of yarn, which his mother was holding, which he very dexterously

aimed at an old black cat, quietly dosing in the corner. Puss no sooner felt the sharp prick of the fork, than she darted off in a jiffy; while the experimenter sung out in high glee: "Pay out, mother, pay out; there she goes through the window."

### The Sailor and the Tract.

During the Summer of 1850, I was doing duty as an officer on board the U. S. Steam Frigate *Saranac*. Our crew was composed of men of the worst stamp, the most of them, being the refuse remaining on board the different receiving ships, after fitting out several other vessels ordered to their stations prior to our fitting out. Seldom, or never perhaps, has the American flag floated over a more desperate set of men than trod the deck of our noble frigate on this, her maiden cruise. True, they were as good and hardy seamen as ever tied a reef knot, yet seldom did a day pass without the grating being rigged, and the brawny arms of our Boatswain's-mates being employed at the gangway in the use of the cat-o-nine-tails. "All hands to witness punishment, ahoy!" was an order but too frequent, too familiar. Sims, (I do not remember his first name,) although an accomplished sailor, was, if it be possible, the most desperately wicked of all the bad spirits around him. He was a native of Finland, and a good specimen, truly, of a race noted for their recklessness and daring. I cannot conceive of a human being more utterly abandoned to the vicious propensities of our common nature than he was. Mischief seemed to choose Sims for its ringleader, while scarcely a day passed without his receiving at least a dozen at the gangway. Having been ordered on the "Home Station," we touched among other places at Jamaica, where we remained about two weeks. Our anchor was hardly "under foot," when we were visited by a missionary, who brought with him a bundle of tracts for distribution among the crew. As is the custom in such cases on board a man-of-war, they were placed on the capstan, and the word passed for all those who wished to come aft, and get a tract. When the order was

given, I happened to be on the fore-castle talking to Sims, who was busy mending his wooden pipe, which he had broken, while engaged in bringing the ship to anchor. Upon hearing the order, he exclaimed, "I will go aft and get a tract to light my pipe with, after it is mended." And accordingly he did. For nearly an hour after, I was engaged in various parts of the ship, when, happening to go forward, I observed Sims seated on a gun-carriage reading. You will readily suppose I was surprised to see him thus engaged, and being not a little curious as to the title of a book that could fix his attention, I looked over his shoulder, and found he was reading one of the missionary's tracts, entitled "the story of the Prodigal Son." Seeing me standing over him, he said, "I have been overhauling the yarn, and rather like it." You had better finish it when off duty, I answered, and it may do you some good. "All hands" being called to perform some work, he left me. Towards evening of the same day, it being my watch on deck, Sims came to me, and asked somewhat abruptly, if I believed the yarn, at the same time holding up the tract. I have not a doubt of its truth, I replied, as it is taken from the Bible. "Will you read it to me, then, for I get on slowly, as I am a better sailor than scholar?"—That I will do with pleasure, I answered; and if you will come to me when I am off duty, I will do so. Punctual to the time appointed, Sims came to me bringing the tract, and having got into the long boat to rid ourselves of the noisy crew, I read it through carefully to him. He seemed deeply interested, frequently calling upon me for explanation, as "the yarn" (as he called it) proceeded. Having finished, I told him if he would bring me another tract the next day, at the same hour, I would read it. He promised to do so, and left me. On the following morning I was surprised to observe that Sims did not answer to his name, when the crew was mustered at the grog-tub. I found he did not come at noon, and having charge of the tub, I caused the word to be passed for him. When he made his appearance, I inquired why he did not drink his grog.

He answered that he did not want any and intended to stop it entirely. This was but the beginning of reformation, for I noticed that his manner was entirely changed. In place of his former reckless spirit, I fancied I observed an effort to cultivate the opposite quality.

In accordance to his promise, he came to me, bringing the tract I had already read to him, with the request that I would *again* read it, which I did. After I had finished this, the second reading of the tract, he asked me with great earnestness, "*If I thought he could go back like the poor prodigal, and like him be received?*" I answered that the missionary would be on board to-morrow, (this being Saturday,) and he would be better able to answer his questions. I did not see him again until the next day, when I observed him as close as he could get to the missionary who had come upon an invitation to preach to our men. He was listening with great attention, seemingly deeply engaged in trying to profit by the instructions which were given. After the service, I noticed Sims and the missionary in earnest conversation, which resulted in Sims being allowed to go on shore at the request of the missionary. He remained on shore until Monday afternoon, when he came on board laden with tracts. Being actively employed, owing to a lack of officers and men fit for duty, I did not have an opportunity of again speaking with Sims until our arrival at Norfolk. Then he told me that he hoped God had pardoned his sins. Truly his lip and conduct told plainly of a great change within—truly poor Sims had been "born a gain."

After remaining at Norfolk about three weeks, we again put to sea. Three days after leaving port, all hands were called aft, to witness the burial of the dead. The body was that of poor Sims. As the gun boomed over the waters, I, could not but exclaim, "He has gone to his Father's house, and the fatted calf has been killed."

Always speak well of your friends but of your enemies speak neither good nor evil.



### The Prodigal Returned.

The American and Foreign Christian Union has a mission in Sweden, on which is resting, according to the latest accounts, the blessing of the Spirit. A letter from a missionary laboring in Stockholm, appears in the March number of the periodical of the Union. We quote from this letter:

In Stockholm, which I have visited every week, the work of the Lord seems to be blessed with great progress. I wish I could give you some idea of the many glorious proofs of such progress in individual souls. I will relate one instance which, during the last few weeks, has filled us with joy and wonder, seeing how the good Shepherd faithfully and powerfully seeks and saves his lost sheep. The case is not a new one in the kingdom of Christ, but it is always gladdening to us, to see the way in which Divine mercy works. The person alluded to is a gentleman in whom the history of the "prodigal son" has been almost exactly realized not only in regard to his spiritual, but also to his worldly position. He is the son of a rich owner of mines in Wermland. He began early in life to waste his patrimony by luxurious and prodigal living, and when, at the death of his father, he received his "portion of goods," then "he took his journey into a far country," to the seductive capital and here "wasted his substance with riotous living." Not only did he so live himself, but he constantly tried to make himself friends, treated them splendidly, helped them, lent and gave money to these brothers in levity, and in the course of a few years all his patrimony was gone, and he sank into such poverty, that at last, badly clothed and poorly lodged, he earned his bread by copying. Two years ago, a lady in Stockholm recognized the son and heir of the rich and respected father, in the person of the ruined man. She showed him her compassion, and offered to help him. He got better clothes, "and went and joined himself to a citizen of that country," and got a place as overseer on an estate two

miles from the capital. When he felt so far restored, and now looked back on his past life, his broken fortunes, and his degradation from master to servant, he often felt deeply touched, especially by the false friendship of the world, but further it did not go. His conscience slept, his sin towards God was unknown to him, he did not come to the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father." No, he lived as wildly as before; yea, as among the swine. His dwelling and his clothes were better, but his heart unaltered. It happened one day when he was in town, and sitting in an ale-house with some of his former companions, that he uttered a slight reproach to one who had defrauded him of a large sum of money, and thereby considerably conduced to his ruin. When they came out of the house, he received a blow so severe, as an answer, that he fell to the ground. Now he awakened to deeper reflection. Struck by such an end to a friendship which had cost him a good part of his fortune, he first fell into deep despondency. "Thou hast sacrificed all thy possessions to gain friends; and he whom thou hast most saved and served, rewards thee so! what on earth is now worth seeking?" Full of such reflections, and deeply humbled, silent and thoughtful, he left town and passed a fortnight in the country in dreadful anxiety; a wild uproar of conflicting feelings filled his heart, and thoughts of suicide often tempted him. In this state he again visited his benefactress in Stockholm. Though not converted herself, she had some good books, and left the afflicted man a Swedish translation of the "Anxious Inquirer," by James. Wondering, but anxious to see what a book could do for him, he took it and read it with growing interest; and the Lord opened his eyes, so that soon all his sorrow concentrated itself in one sentiment, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee." In short, God and his violated law began to stand up with more importance in the views of his soul, and to "arise" became the only subject of his thoughts. He came to town, borrowed some numbers of my little paper, the *Pietisten*; and I soon

began to observe, among my hearers at meetings, an unknown countenance whose aspect betrayed his former way of living. He seemed ready to devour every word; his eyes expressed lively emotions; his tears often broke forth. After a week the stranger paid me a visit. It would take too much time to impart to you all the interesting conversation I have had with this man, but the result has been that the great Shepherd of souls here gave us a glorious proof of his faithfulness and power to save the lost; a delightful evidence of the power of divine mercy in the transformation of a human heart. Geijer (such is his name) is now a lovely Christian, humble, broken-hearted, poor in spirit, but he has found peace through faith in our Saviour, and cannot sufficiently praise the wonderful and inexpressible love which has sought out a sheep so far out of the way as he has been.

#### A Visit to Japan.

*Some account of Capt. Mercater Cooper's visit to Japan in the whale ship Manhattan of Sag Harbor.—*

By C. F. WINSLOW, M. D.

It was about the 1st of April as Captain Cooper was proceeding towards the whaling regions of the Northern Ocean, that he passed in the neighborhood of St. Peter's, a small island lying a few degrees south-east of Nippon.

It is comparatively barren, and was supposed to be uninhabited, but being near it, Capt. Cooper thought he would explore the shore for turtle to afford his ship's company some refreshment; while tracing the shore along he discovered a pinnacle of curious construction which resembled somewhat those he had seen in the China seas; turning his walk inland, he entered a valley where he unexpectedly saw at some distance from him several persons in uncouth dresses who appeared alarmed at his intrusion, and immediately fled to a more secluded part of the valley. He continued his walk and soon came to a hut where were collected eleven men whom he afterwards found to be Japanese. As he approached they came forward and

prostrated themselves to the earth before him, and remained on their faces for some time. They were much alarmed and expected to be destroyed, but Capt. Cooper, with great kindness, reconciled them to his presence, and learned by signs that they had been shipwrecked on St. Peter's many months before. He took them to the shore, pointed to his vessel and informed them that he would take them to Jeddo if they would entrust themselves to his care. They consented with great joy, and abandoning every thing they had on the island, embarked immediately for his ship.

Capt. Cooper determined at once to proceed to Jeddo, the Capital of the Japanese Empire, notwithstanding its well known regulations, prohibiting American and other foreign vessels to enter its waters. The captain had two great and laudable objects in view. The first was to restore the shipwrecked strangers to their homes. The other was to make a strong and favorable impression on the government in respect to the civilization of the United States, and its friendly disposition to the Emperor and people of Japan. How he succeeded in the latter object, the sequel will show, and I will make but few remarks, either on the benevolence or boldness of Capt. C.'s resolution or its ultimate consequences touching the intercourse of the Japanese with other nations. The step decided on, however, has led to some curious and interesting information, relative to this country; whose institutions, and the habits of whose people are but little known to the civilized world.

Capt. C. left St. Peter's and after sailing a day or two in the direction of Nippon, he discovered a huge and shapeless object on the Ocean, which proved to be a Japanese ship or 'Junk' as these vessels are called—wrecked and in a sinking condition, she was from a port on the extreme north of Nippon, with a cargo of pickled salmon bound for Jeddo. She had been shattered and dismantled some weeks previous, and was drifting about the Ocean at the mercy of the winds, and as a gale arose the following day, the captain thinks she must have sunk.



From this ship he took eleven more all Japanese, and made sail again for the shores of Nippon. Among the articles taken from the wreck by its officers were some books and charts of the principal islands composing the Empire of Japan. This chart I shall speak of in detail hereafter, and it is perhaps one of the most interesting specimens of geographical art and literature which has ever wandered from the shores of Eastern Asia.

In making the land, our navigator found himself considerably to the north of Jeddo, but approaching near the coast, he landed in his boat accompanied by one or two of his passengers. Here he noticed many of the inhabitants employed in fishing at various distances from the land. The natives he met on shore were mostly fishermen, and all appeared to belong to the common or lower classes of society. They seemed intelligent and happy, were pleased with his visit, and made no objection to his landing. From this place he dispatched one of his passengers to the Emperor who was at Jeddo, with the intelligence of his intention or wish to enter the harbor of the Capital with his ship, for the purpose of landing the men, whom he had found under such distressed circumstances, and to obtain water and other necessities to enable him to proceed on his voyage. He then returned to his ship, and sailing along the coast for many leagues, compared his own charts with the one taken from the wreck. The winds becoming unfavorable, however, he was driven away from the land so far that after they changed, it took him a week to recover a position near the place where he first landed. He went on shore again, despatched another messenger to the Capital, with the same information that he had previously sent, and the reason of his detention.

He sailed again for Jeddo, and the winds proving auspicious, in due time he entered the mouth of the bay, deep within which the city is situated. As he sailed along the passage, a barge met him coming from the city in command of a person who from his rich dress appeared to be an officer of rank and consequence. This personage informed him that his messenger had

arrived at Court and that the Emperor had granted him permission to come up to Jeddo with his ship. He was however directed to anchor under a certain head land for the night, and the next morning was towed up to his anchorage within a furlong of the city.

The ship was immediately visited by a great number of people of all ranks, from the Governor of Jeddo and the high officers attached to the person of the Emperor, arrayed in golden and gorgeous tunics, to the lowest menials of the government clothed in rags. All were filled with an insatiable curiosity to see the strangers and inspect the thousand novelties presented to their view.

Capt. Cooper was very soon informed by a native interpreter, who had been taught Dutch and who could speak a few words of English, but who could talk still more intelligible by signs that neither he nor his crew would be allowed to go out of the ship, and that if they should attempt it they would be put to death. This fact was communicated by the very significant symbol of drawing a naked sword across the throat. The Captain dealt kindly with all, obtained their confidence and assured them, he had no inclination to transgress their laws, but only desired to make known to the Emperor, and the great officers of Japan, the kind feelings of himself and the people of America, towards them and their countrymen. The Japanese who had been taken from the desolate island and from the wreck, when parting from their preserver, manifested the warmest affection and gratitude for his kindness. They clung to him and shed many tears. This scene, the reports of the shipwrecked men, of the many kindnesses they had received, and the uniformly prudent and amiable deportment of the American Captain, made a very favorable impression on the Governor of Jeddo, during his stay. The great dignity treated him with the most distinguished civility and kindness.

But neither Captain nor crew of the *Manhattan* were allowed to go over the side. Officers were kept on board continually to prevent any infraction of this regulation, and the more securely to insure its maintenance and to pre-

vent all communication with the shore. The ship was surrounded and guarded by three circular barriers of boats. Each circle was about an hundred feet asunder, and the inner one about one hundred feet from the ship. In the first circle the boats were tied with a hauser so compactly that their sides touched each other, and that nothing could pass between or break through them. The sterns of the boats were next to the ship, and in these were erected long lances and other steel weapons of various and curious forms, such as are never seen or heard of among European nations. Sometimes they were covered with lacquered sheaths, at others they were left to glisten in the sun, apparently for the purpose of informing the foreigners that their application would follow any attempt to pass them. Among them were mingled flags and banners of various colors and devices. In the middle of this circle between the *Manhattan* and the city, was stationed a large Junk, in which the officers resided who commanded the guard surrounding the ship. The boats composing the second circle were not so numerous, those of the third were more scattering still; but the numbers thus employed were almost bewildering to look upon. They amounted nearly to a thousand, and were all armed and ornamented in a similar manner.

It was a scene of the most intense interest and amusement to the Americans, the most of whom had never heard of the strange customs of that secluded and almost unknown people. As magnificent and wonderful a spectacle however as this vast array of boats presented during the *day*, decorated with gaudy banners and with glittering spears of an infinite variety of forms, in the night, it was exceeded by a display of lanterns in such countless numbers and of such shapes and transparencies, as almost to entrance the beholders, and to remind them of the magic of the Arabian tales.

Having laid at anchor four days, and replenished his stores of wood, water, &c., he signified his readiness to depart; but the winds were adverse, and it was impossible for him to get to sea.

There seemed to be no disposition manifested by the government to force him away, but there was none for him to remain a moment beyond the time when his wants had been satisfied. A head wind and tide possessed no impediment to going away from Japan, in the mind of the Governor of Jeddo. At his command the anchor was weighed, and a line of boats was attached to the bow of the ship so long they could not be numbered. They were arranged four abreast, proceeded in the greatest order, and were supposed to amount to nearly one thousand. It was an immense train, and presented a spectacle to the eyes of the seamen approaching the marvelous. The boats instead of being propelled by rowing, or paddles, were all sculled by a single oar, employed however, by several men. In this manner the *Manhattan* was towed twenty miles out to sea, and the officers in charge of the fleet would have taken her a greater distance, had not further aid been declined. The Japanese then took a courteous leave of our hero, and while his long train of barges wheeled with a slow and graceful motion towards the shore, the latter spread his sails for the less hospitable regions of Kamschatka and the North West Coast, highly gratified with the result of his adventure among these secluded but highly civilized people.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### A Sketch of Charles Dibdin.

BY E. E. A.

Among the writers of verse, no one has enjoyed a more general or more deserved fame, in his way, than CHARLES DIBDIN, the Ocean Bard. His father was a silversmith at Southampton, England, where the poet was born, in the year 1745. At an early age he ventured to try his fortune in London, where he composed songs and ballads, but was chiefly occupied in tuning *Piano-fortes*. He became, at the age of 17, an actor at the Richmond Theatre, and at 19 appeared on the boards in London, as Ralph in the "*Maid of the Mill*." He soon began to write for the Stage, and it is said, produced above 100 Dramas, of which the "*Deserter*," the "*Waterman* and



the Quaker," are still occasionally performed. At length, disliking his occupation as Dramatist, he quitted it, and opened a kind of Theatre, in Leicester Square, London, for evening entertainments, at which he sang his own songs and played his own accompaniments. This plan was very successful. During the period of these performances, he is said to have written above 1200 songs, to nearly all of which he composed the music. He died in poverty in the year 1814. If his poetry be judged by a severe standard, it will, doubtless, be found wanting; and yet he has demonstrated his possession of genius, by the complete attainment of the end he had in view, for which his essential qualifications are an inexhaustible vein of melody—great variety of sentiment and expression—and thorough knowledge of the open and rude nature of the sailor. No writer ever gained a greater influence over the minds of seamen. His patriotism, his generosity, his praise of naval courage, have doubtless done much to inspire the sailor with bravery and love of country; and, contributed largely at least, to strengthen the naval bulwarks of Great Britain. Indeed such was thought by Parliament to be the fact, so that in 1803 a pension of £200 a year was voted to Dibdin. A change of ministry a few years later deprived him of that national expression. The moral influence of his songs has not been what we could wish. True, they have been quoted, to inspire the Mariner in battle, and to quell mutiny, and to give a kindly and humane impulse in the moment of revengeful passion; they breathe not the spirit of atheism, nor of infidelity; but a tone of dissipation, and sometimes of voluptuousness pervades them; and if the mind is not directed by them actually, to low and debasing scenes, neither is it often elevated to the lofty and pure regions, whither all true poetry delights to bear its admirers. Some of his songs, however, have a quaint solemnity in them, that is not unlike the rude and resistless pathos of "*Uncle Ned*," "*Mary Blane*," and "*Lucy Neal*." A good specimen of this kind is found in the song, which, by its tender

pathos has touched so many hearts.

### Tom Bowling

Here, a shere hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death has broached him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
And now—he's gone aloft!

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare;  
His friends were many and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair.

And then, he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
Ah! many's the time and oft;  
But mirth has turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.

Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doffed;  
For tho' his body 's under hatches,  
His soul is gone aloft!

Extracts from Deck and Port.

### A Sailor's Idea of an Eclipse.

We had this evening an eclipse of the moon; only a narrow view of the orb escaped the dark shadow of the earth. Our sailors, not anticipating the eclipse, could not at first account for the disappearing light. They saw the slender spars and tracery of the ship becoming momentarily less distinct and visible, but knew not from whence the shadow fell. A few of them, better versed in lunar observations, explained to the rest the phenomenon. They said the earth had shoved a part of her black hull between us and the moon. But when asked why she had done this, the reason assigned was, that the moon had probably got a little out of her reckoning, and in attempting to tack had missed stays.

### MORAL DISCIPLINE.

Make the moral mechanism of a ship like a piece of well-contrived machinery, and but few blows will be required to keep it in order. But this requires energy in the details. It is much easier to flog a man who has committed an error, than it is to train

him to avoid that error. Indolence flies to the lash, enlightened activity to a system of correct training, which is to be pressed at all points. And this training must be consistent with itself. It will not succeed if it is to be broken in upon constantly by brute force, or by language as disreputable to the officer who uses it, as unjust—and provoking to the men to whom it is addressed. Profane or opprobrious epithets are a mockery of all discipline, except that which is enforced by the lash. An officer incapable of enforcing any other discipline, is a calamity to the service.

### Sailors and Missions.

Few men owe more to Christian missionaries than sailors. This is very strikingly seen in the South Seas. Before those servants of God went there it was dangerous for a ship to venture near many of the Islands; and not a few have been seized and their crews cruelly murdered, and sometimes eaten, by the savages. Though those on board were often in want of water and provisions, which were abundant at most of the islands, they did not dare to seek what they wanted in such places as Erromanga, where the great object of the natives would have been to rob or murder them. Hence they had often to sail hundreds or thousands of miles, and to suffer a great deal from want before they could reach a safe harbor. But it is very different now. At all the groups where missionaries have labored with success, ships and sailors are just as safe as they are in the river Thames. Now this is known to all who visit those islands; and therefore everybody would suppose that they would be very thankful to missionaries, and amongst the best friends of missions. And many of them are so. But this is not the case with all. There are some of them who seem to forget how much of comfort and safety they owe to the gospel; and they are so ungrateful and wicked as even to speak against the men who preach it. And why do they act in such a way? The reason is a sad one. It is because the missionaries have taught the people not to

break the "Sabbath, not to buy spirits, nor to do other wicked things, merely to please these bad men. This makes them rail against their best friends, and say all manner of evil against them falsely. All the natives even see how wrong it is for sailors to act in such a way. This will appear from the following anecdote:—

Some time ago, the present king of the Sandwich Islands, Kamehameha III., was called upon by the captain of a South-Sea whaling ship, a rough and wicked man. And as he knew that the king was formerly as wicked as himself, and was very fond of wine and strong drink, he hoped to be able to draw him back to the practice, which he had happily forsaken. Now, as the captain supposed that the king was kept from getting drunk and committing other kinds of wickedness merely from fear of the missionaries, he expressed his great dislike to them, and tried to persuade Kamehameha to allow himself and his people to indulge their appetites as they used to do. The king understood the man, and immediately said to him, 'Stop! Did not your shadow fall on me as you came in there at my open door?' 'Perhaps it did,' answered the captain; 'and what of that?' 'What! but if it had not been for the missionaries, had you or any one else let your shadow fall upon the king, you would have been a dead man the next hour.' The captain felt the reproof and ceased to speak.

### Affection of the Nightingale.

By remarkably good fortune, one of the most extraordinary of these songsters has recently taken full possession of my garden. I call the gay, joyous fellow "extraordinary," for I never yet heard such seraphic strains, such perfect freedom of song, from any of the tribe—much as I have had to do with them. And what makes me value the merry little rogue the more is, his almost incredible tameness. He sings the night through, just under my chamber window, and seldom leaves the garden, by day or by night, for more than a few minutes at a time. I usually rise to greet him at five A. M.;



and on venturing a humble imitation of his swelling note, he flies to me at once. Seating himself on a shady bough, and, bending slightly forward, there he remains, holding converse with me so long as my time permits me to tarry; and he improvises such music the while, that I can hardly tear myself away from him. He knows *my* voice, and I know *his*. Thus do we, morning by morning, exchange familiarities; and greatly do I love to return, after the fatigues of a day of toil, to renew our intimacy. I believe the pleasure is quite mutual. I cannot but imagine that this bird possesses an unusual charm: for he has drawn into one focus a host of blackbirds, thrushes, robins, blackcaps, and other vocalists, whose orchestral accompaniments, blending with his own heavenly voice, almost lead us to suppose we are in fairyland. They rehearse early in the evening; and the concert, once commenced, lasts until long after sunrise. I need hardly say, that I now retire to rest with my chamber window open.—*Mr. Kidd, in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

### Capt. R. R. Crocker.

Every merchant in this city, who was in active business twenty years ago, remembers Capt. Crocker, who died a short time since at New Bedford. Except the commanders of some of our steamers, no man, we believe, ever crossed the Atlantic as many times as did our old friend Crocker. In his day, and especially while in the packet service, no man was more popular and none more deservedly esteemed. In a late number of the New-Bedford Mercury we find the following tribute to his memory:

#### CAPT. ROWLAND R. CROCKER.

Capt. Crocker was born at Falmouth, Massachusetts, in April 1770, and if he had lived until April, he would have been eighty-two years of age. He came early in life to New Bedford, where he was apprenticed to

some mechanical trade, which however he soon abandoned for the sea. He made one short whaling voyage, and afterwards sailed out of Boston soon rising to the rank of commander. During the brief hostilities which arose between this country and the French Government, he commanded a letter of marque, and was captured by one of the enemy's privateers of superior force. During the engagement he received a musket ball, which passed completely through his body, happily avoiding however, the vital regions. Upon this mischance, his first officer surrendered the ship, greatly to the chagrin of Capt. Crocker, who was bent upon a more obstinate resistance. He was taken a prisoner to France, where he remained until the cessation of hostilities.

After his liberation he once more engaged in marine pursuits. In 1807, while in command of the ship *Otis*, then lying in the downs ready for sea, and with a cargo on board valued at £100,000, he exhibited a courage, skill and presence of mind which then were thought to be very remarkable. His ship driven from her anchorage drifted on board a heavy frigate, carrying away his quarter, and crippling the vessel. His pilot, we believe his mate, with a considerable portion of his crew, abandoned the ship, and urged him to do the same. Without a pilot, and short handed as he was, he got under weigh, and ran for Dover harbor, in the midst of a tremendous storm, where he arrived in safety, although he had been given up for lost, preserving an immense amount of property, estimated as we have said, at £100,000, together with a valuable ship.

To show their sense of the courage and perseverance thus displayed, the underwriters at Lloyd's presented to him a gratuity of £500, with an elegant silver cup, upon which was an appropriate inscription, together with the motto, "*Forti et fidei nil difficile.*" We have seen many letters of congratulation addressed to him upon this occasion, all breathing a spirit of the warmest friendship, and admiration of his character.

Captain Crocker afterwards for many years commanded various pack-

et ships between New York and London and Liverpool, at a time when these floating palaces were just arriving at the perfection and elegance which they have since attained. We need not say that in this difficult service he achieved reputation and celebrity in the mercantile world, and the esteem and friendship of thousands who crossed the sea under his protection. His urbane and gentlemanly manners, his interesting and varied conversation, his care for the comfort of those under his charge, and his humanity to all in suffering and want were as proverbial as was his skill as a mariner. In this service, it is not too much to say that he was constantly receiving the most varied testimonials from the most various sources, of esteem and of gratitude, and to this day there are numbers who remember him as the pilot who weathered the storm which sent terror to their hearts, and as the bluff old-fashioned gentleman who charmed by his good-natured conversation the monotony of sea travel.

There is one class of incidents in the life of the subject of this notice worthy of special, although it must be a brief mention. *One hundred and sixty-four times* did he cross the broad Atlantic, and often did he encounter wrecked and shattered ships, upon whose fast sinking hulls the starved and exhausted seamen had lain down to die, or from which came the faint cries of despairing and half crazed women. At such times we may say that it was his invariable rule to run every risk, and to rescue the sufferers at every hazard.

There was not a particle of selfishness in his character on shore, but at sea, in such emergencies, he was almost unmindful of the dictates of prudence. In a record of such rescues now before us, written in his own hand, grown tremulous by age, he says in entering an instance of more than ordinary danger: "How little a man knows himself when he sees a fellow being in danger of his life"—meaning unquestionably that then the sense of personal danger is quite lost in the overpowering instincts of humanity. There is something else too in this record which we ought to notice.

It has been said that in spite of outward appearances, no class of men is more truly reverential than that which studies the Creator and the Preserver in the wonders and fortunes of the great deep. This modest journal before us is entitled "A statement of cases of distress wherein R. R. Crocker was the instrument of a kind Providence in saving thirty-two fellow beings from a watery grave." Through it runs the spirit with which it commences. Thanks for success are uniformly given where they are due. Not a favorable wind springs up, nor is any angry billow calmed, at the instant of a threatened catastrophe but through the goodness of God.

In April, 1833, the post of secretary of the Bedford Commercial Insurance Company in this city becoming vacant, he was invited to assume its duties, which invitation he accepted. In 1834 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of this state. He continued to fulfil the duties of secretary, for which he was particularly well fitted, until 1845, when an assistant secretary was elected. This relieved him from cares and responsibilities which his increasing years rendered onerous. He was afterwards, upon a change in the management of the company, elected vice president, almost a nominal office, but to which, by the consideration of the stockholders, a handsome salary was attached. He continued to frequent the office of the company, and was there as usual upon the Saturday preceding his death. His general constitution remained unimpaired to the last. His "age" was "as a lusty Winter, frosty but kindly." He had no disease except the organic one of which he died. All will remember him, not in the advanced stages of senility with impaired intellect, and a bowed and broken frame, but erect, hale and hearty, with a firm step, and almost juvenile activity.

When a man passes through a prolonged life, not only without making an enemy, but constantly creating about himself warm and devoted friends, the conclusion that he was a good man is necessary and inevitable. This was the lot of Captain Crocker. We never knew a man more univer-



sally beloved. He attached every body with whom he came in contact—his contemporaries in age, young men and women, and little children. He had always a kind word and a ready smile for all. But his goodness was not limited to words or smiles. He was generous to a fault. He never could seriously think a dollar he had his own, for it was the property, if you might judge by his actions, of the first man who asked him for it. He was not rich in this world's goods, but he might have been wealthy with a tithe of that prudence with which most men guard their pockets. As it was, his overflowing generosity often led him into difficulties which pained his sensitive nature, for he had pride as well as the heart of a gentleman.

### To-morrow! To-morrow!

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY  
THE REV. DANIEL BAKER, D. D.

One day the minister heard that his neighbor was sick, very sick! What if he dies in his present state? thought the minister. He is an amiable man, a generous man; in many points of character a most excellent man; but, by his own confession, he is no Christian—has never felt the power of God's converting grace upon his soul. Suppose he should die in his present condition! I must go and see him. Accordingly, taking his hat and cane, he called to see him. He knocked at the door; a servant opened it. "How is Mr. K.?" "Very sick, sir; please to walk in." The minister, led by the servant, entered the chamber. The curtains were down, and the room was darkened; and, on the bed, there lay his neighbor, scorched by a raging fever. Taking him kindly by the hand, "How do you find yourself this morning?" said the minister. "Very sick, sir," replied the neighbor. After a while the minister, in a subdued tone of voice, said, "Do you think, my dear sir, that you have made your peace with God? Should God see proper *now* to take you away, are you ready to go?" "Oh, sir," said the sick man, interrupting him, "I am in agony! Please to excuse me. Oh,

my head! my head! I cannot talk to you now. Please to call again." "When shall I call?" "*To-morrow*," said the sick man. The faithful man of God burst into tears, and retired. The next day he called again. The knocker was muffled, a bad sign; knocking gently at the door, the servant opened it. "How is Mr. K.?" "No better, sir, please to walk in." The minister entered the chamber, and there was his neighbour, still upon a bed of sickness. "My dear neighbour," said the minister, "how do you do this morning?" There was no response! The man was delirious now, and spoke in broken sentences, incoherently. The minister, leaning upon the top of his cane, looked at his neighbour, and the silent tear trickled down his cheek. He was about to rise up and go away, but the wife of the sick man exclaimed, "Oh, my dear pastor, won't you pray for my husband?" The prayer was offered, and the minister, taking the hand of his neighbour, said, "My dear friend, good-bye." Still there was no response. Alas! the sick man knew not that his wife was weeping at his bedside, and that his pastor had been praying for him. As the man of God was retiring, the affectionate wife followed him to the door; and, in parting, said, "My dear pastor, I am in great affliction; will you not be so kind as to call again?" "Madam," said he, "when do you think I had better call?" And she said, "*To-morrow!*" Oh, that to-morrow, that to-morrow! The associations were more than he could bear, and the man of God went weeping all the way returning to his home. The next morning he called again. The knocker was still muffled. He tapped gently at the door. The servant opened. "How is Mr. K.?" "He is said to be worse, sir." "I would like to see him." "You can't sir! The doctor has just left, and he has given the strictest orders that nobody should enter the room but those who are waiting upon him. But here is Mrs. K." "Madam, how is your husband?" "Oh, my dear pastor," replied she, bursting into tears, "he is worse; I fear *much* worse!" "I would like

to see your husband, madam, a few moments." "I would be glad to have you see him, too," replied the afflicted woman, "but our physician says that the crisis is come, and that the slightest excitement may prove fatal: but the doctor said that if his patient revived, he might be able to see you to-morrow!" Having received a message about the going down of the sun, that his neighbor was still in a critical state and too weak to be seen, the minister could scarcely sleep that night, so anxious was he about the salvation of his neighbour. The next morning, gathering his hat and cane, he went early to make at least some inquiry. Tapping again gently at the door, the servant opened. "How is M. K.?" was the anxious inquiry. "Oh, sir," replied the servant, "*he is dead!*" "DEAD!" exclaimed the minister, "DEAD?" "Yes, sir, he died this morning at four o'clock." "God have mercy!" the minister was about to say, but it flashed upon him—it is too late now!

Dear procrastinating sinner! It is enough—I beseech you, don't say to-morrow any more! To-morrow! It may be too late for ever! To-morrow's sun may shine upon your grave! Once lost, you are lost for ever! "Be wise to day! 'Tis madness to defer."

*Home & For. Record.*

#### The Mother's words remembered.

When Lieut., (since Capt.) S. of the U. S. Army was stationed on our Western frontier, he was noted for being a "good shot." None could wing a bird, or scalp a squirrel, or bring down a buffalo with more skill than he. Of him the story is told, that, one day he was trying to get a fair sight of a coon in a tree-top, when the sagacious animal inquired, "S., is it you?" and on hearing the reply, said, "Don't fire. I'll come down."

In the same camp, was an Indian, who prided himself in despatching a bullet with no less precision and effect.

One day, a herd of buffaloes coming in sight, the Indian mounted his poney, and went in pursuit. His first shot tumbled a huge bull in the dust. On returning to camp, he put on a look

and attitude which said, "Do that if you can." The challenge took effect on Lieut. S.; nor was it long before he also had a chance to mount his poney, in pursuit of the same royal game. He selected one of the largest in the herd, and at full speed, let fly the leaden messenger of death. The vital spot was not reached: the only effect was to madden the animal, which turned on his pursuer; and in the long, long, distance, the prairie smoked in the line of the chase. The bull gained on his enemy, and the poney, stumbling, threw his rider flat on his neck. The last inch of muscle was now strained for life; "and now," said Lieut. S., "feeling the hot breath of the buffalo on my cheek, I thought it time to begin to pray. But what could I say? Nothing; absolutely nothing, could I think of, but the words my mother taught me when a boy. So I scoured out the rest of that fearful chase, saying:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

#### Space Measuring.

Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly at a hundred miles an hour without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old, and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by our railway at the creation to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet, for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system. But we are getting into too large numbers again: we must have some swifter servant than a railway to measure space for us. Light will answer our purpose—for light travels from the sun to the earth in eight minutes. Eight minutes, then, counting by light, are equivalent to a hundred years of railway express speed!

*Household Words.*



# NAVAL JOURNAL.

## Thrilling Incident of Ocean Life.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme north-west of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward; but along towards the close of the afternoon the sea breeze died away, and one of those sultry, evenlike atmospheric breathings came from the great sun-burnt Sahara. Half an hour before sundown the captain gave the cheering order for the boatswain to call the hands to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the arms of the lower yard.

One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard arm and the swinging boom, and into these most of the swimmers made their way. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily were two of the boys, Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner; and in a laughing mood they started out from the studding sail on a race.

There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

The vessel was moored with a long sweep from both cables, and the bouy on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man.

Towards this bouy the two lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead; but when they were within about twenty or thirty fathoms of the bouy, Tim shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his

son with a vast degree of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped from the poop, and was upon the point of urging him on by a shout when a cry reached his ear that made him start as if he had been struck with a cannon ball.

A Shark! a shark! came forth from the captain of the fore-castle, and, at the sound of these terrible words, the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right abeam at a distance of three or four cables length, a sharp wake was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys.

For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn, but the little fellows heard him not—stoutly the swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody death-spirit that hovered so near them. Their merry laugh still rang over the water, and at length they touched the bouy together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of our gunner. A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach the boys in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight; then he knew that all hope would be gone. At this moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy.

The cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With steady hand, made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming wire, and picked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; he took from his pocket a percussion wafer and set it in its place, and set the hammer of the patent lock.

With a giant's strength the old man

swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a little moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrid sea monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air awoke by the roar of the heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back upon the combing of the hatch and covering his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own efforts, for if he had failed he knew that his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence, but as the dense smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men, that murmur grew louder and stronger, until it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout. The old gunner sprung to his feet and gazed off on the water, and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with his white belly up, a mangled lifeless mass.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead with fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon the gun for support.

I have seen men in all phases of excitement and suspense, but never have I seen three human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that startling moment, when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.—*Exchange Paper.*

### Disasters.

#### KEY WEST, January 1.

Statement of the number of vessels wrecked on the Florida coast, and of those put into the port of Key West in distress, during the year, ending 31st December, 1851—with the amount of salvage awarded, the expenses and value of vessels and cargoes. In dis-

tress, 19 vessels; wrecked, 15 vessels—number of vessels wrecked and in distress, 34.

Amount of salvage awarded, \$75,852

“ of salvage and expense 165,085

Value of vessels and cargoes, 941,500

30 Americans, 1 Sweden, 1 Spanish, 2 English—34. 6 ships, 3 barques, 14 brigs, 2 steamers, 9 schooners—34.

In addition to the vessels already reported as lost in the late hurricane at Vera Cruz, were—American brig Susan; schs. JOAN BELL, and HELEN MAR; Belgian barque Eliza. Several other vessels were cast away. But fifteen lives were known to have been lost.

Br barque CASSANDRA, from the Clyde for San Francisco, with coal, when three days out from Valparaiso, took fire spontaneously, and was abandoned.

Ship AUSTERLITZ, Day, of Boston from San Francisco, for Calcutta, was lost in a typhoon, Nov. 19th, lat. 22, 40 N. lon. 150. E. The officers and crew were saved by the N. P. Palmer, Low, from San Francisco, and taken to Shanghai.

Brig T. W. SMITH, from Boston, for Pensacola, in a gale 7 days out, lost rudder and sprung a leak, and was abandoned.

SHIP ST. PAUL, of and from Salem, for Manila, ashore in the Straits of Bernardino, was on a reef, with one foot of water at low tide,

The steamer GENERAL WARREN, Thompson, from Astoria, for San Francisco, was totally lost on the bar at the mouth of Columbia River 31st January, when forty-two of her passenger, and crew were drowned.

The propeller SEA GULL was wrecked on Humboldt Bar 26th Jan. She was bound from San Francisco to Oregon, and had arrived at H. day before.

The sch. ADELAIDE, of Elizabeth City, for Charleston, was fallen in with Dec. 11th., in a sinking condition. Crew, four in number, taken off by the South Carolina, Sanford, arrived here from Mobile.



Hamburg barque **BERTHA**, from Panama, for Falmouth, Eng. was lost about 28th Dec. by running on a reef, a league South of the Island of Gorgona, in lat. 2. 45. N. The Captain and twelve men took an open boat, and after eighteen days succeeded in making Point Molo, about 100 miles from Panama. The carpenter died through exposure.

Brig **W. I. WATSON**, Bunnell, from Barbadoes for New Haven, was wrecked on the Anegada Reef, Virgin Islands, Dec. 23d.

Brig **FRANCES ELIZABETH**, is stated in the Tampico papers, to have sunk with her crew near the Cazones, 12th Jan.

San Francisco, Jan. 1.

**DISASTERS, &c. ON THE WEST COAST.**—A letter has been received at Olympia, Oregon, stated that the British ship or barque **GEORGE ANNA**, had been wrecked at Queen Charlotte's Island, and that the crew, and twenty-four Americans who were passengers, had been captured by the Indians. The Indians refused to permit any of them to depart, but consented to their sending a letter. An armed force had been despatched to their relief.

Ship **Rome**, Otis, at New Orleans, report: 1st January, fell in with the British barque **MEDIUM**, of Yarmouth, N. S. in a sinking condition, and took off the officers and crew.

Br barque **WARWICK**, from Liverpool, for Apalachicola, struck on a reef to windward of Bird Island, Antigua, Jan. 27th, and went to pieces.

Sch. **FANNY BOURNE**, of and from Dartmouth, 17th inst. for Baltimore, was ran under and partly capsized same night, about 80 miles N. E. from Block Island, while scudding in a heavy gale from E. N. E. to E. and remained in this situation until 6, A. M. 18th, when both masts went by the board, ripping up the decks, and doing other damage, and the vessel righted, nearly full of water. At 2 P. M. was fallen in with by brig **Loretto**, Fogerty, from Mobile, which took off Captain B. and crew, and brought them to this port, saving nothing.

Barque **JOSHUA BRAGDON**, at New

Orleans, from Vera Cruz, reports: 11th a violent storm occurred at Tuspan. A French brig, laden with timber, was wrecked and all on board perished. On the 18th the **EDWARDS**, from Campeachy, was wrecked.

Ship **Agnes**, at this port from Rio Janeiro, reports: 2d, Feb. lat. 22°, lon. 34°, fell in with the wreck of **Brigship HOPEWELL**, of Liverpool, waterlogged and abandoned.

Bark **ARION**, Vennard, from New Orleans, for this port, went ashore 11th Feb on Squam Beach, 12 miles north of Barnegat Inlet, while lying to, waiting for a pilot—her stern post was carried away, fore and mainmasts alongside, houses partly stove, vessel hogged one side.

Brig **ELLEN MARIA**, Snow, of and for Boston, from Wilmington, N. C., went ashore on the beach, between Watch Hill and Point Judith—at 3 P. M., 11th, Feb. during a heavy South East blow and thick weather. The crew landed in the morning, but saved nothing but what they stood in.

The **JOHN TOOLE**, from New Orleans to this port, has been wrecked near Galway, as supposed, the tanks, part of her hull, decks, spars, &c., also several bales of cotton, forming part of her cargo, and a dead body, answering the description of one of the passengers, having been washed ashore.

Brig **SAMUEL FRENCH**, Brown, on the passage hence for Marsailles, lost first officer and two men overboard, and received considerable damage in her upper works.

Sloop **ROGER WILLIAMS**, from Providence for this port, cargo domestic goods, went ashore on East end of Fisher's Island, during the heavy S. E. gale and thick weather 11th Feb., and went to pieces.

Sch. **INDEPENDENCE**, of and for Boston, from Norfolk, one day out, leaking badly, and in a sinking condition, was fallen in with 12 Feb., 20 fathoms water, and the crew taken off by barque **O. J. Hayes**, Scott, at this port.

The **BERTHA**, Steebington, from Laguna and Norfolk, Va., for Liverpool, foundered in lat. 58. N. 50° W. The

crew were landed at Lisbon, by the American barque Herschel.

Ship SHANUNGA, Patten, of Philadelphia, from New Orleans for Boston, went ashore on the North side of Nantucket, 10th Feb. and was expected to be a total loss.

Sch. BOUNTY, of and for this port, from Georgetown, D. C. struck on the Middle Ground, near Cape Charles, 19 Feb. and has become a complete wreck.

Sloop RHODE ISLAND, from Providence for this port, went ashore on the rocks at Stratford Point 11th Feb. and filled with water—crew saved. Her cargo was valued at about \$70,000—most of which will be saved in a damaged state.

Sch FRANKLIN, Taylor, bound from Accomac, to Alexandria, Va., was totally lost on Ragged Point night 15th Feb.

Ship PHILENA, Herbest, of Charleston, from Liverpool, bound to Baltimore, went ashore, night 27th Feb. on Cape Henry, a short distance from the Light house. She is full of water and seas break over her.

Sch. WILLIAM BRYANT, Chandler, master, from Portland, for Boston, took fire off Portsmouth, N. H. harbor, morning, 3d Feb. and was entirely consumed.

A letter from the Ocean County Commissioner of Wrecks, states that the sch WILLIAM & SIDNEY, of Yorktown, was discovered 28th Feb., one mile S. E. of the Ocean House, near the Highlands, with only the top of her spars above water; it is supposed she was run into the previous night, and that her crew were saved, and no traces of them were found.

Brig RUTH ELIZA, of and from Yarmouth, N. S. for St. John, N. B. was totally lost on Cape Chagnecto, Feb. 25th.

Brig MARY ANN, of Surrey, Me. from Camden, for Charleston, was abandoned at sea about January 20th, being in a leaky condition and on fire. The captain and crew were taken off with great difficulty by barque Broth-

ers, from Baltimore, and landed at Gibraltar 24th Feb.

Sch. AURORA, Babcock, of New Jersey, went ashore at Coney Island, night 27th Feb. and sunk. The captain and crew lashed themselves in the rigging, and remained until Saturday, three o'clock, P. M. when sch. Eliza, brought them safe to shore.

Sch. GEORGE EVANS, from Machias, bound South, went ashore in the gale, night 28th Feb. at Stratsmouth went to pieces.

Steamer JEWESS, at Baltimore, from Norfolk, reports Br. brig FAVORITE, Sanders, from Bermuda, for Alexandria as having been wrecked on Hog Island, morning of 23d Feb.

Sch CLARA FISHER, from Bermuda, to New Berne, was driven on shore, 27th Feb. on Amity Shoal, inside the Bar—vessel. total loss.

Ship RUSSELL GLOVER, Tucker, hence for New Orleans, struck on New Jack Cay, Abaco, 22d Feb. and, became a total loss, breaking amidships—the crew landed next morning.

Br. barque ALLIWAL, from Baltimore, for Liverpool, was fallen in with 26th March, in a sinking condition, and the crew taken off by ship Plymouth Rock, at Boston,

#### Havana, February 28.

This morning the Spanish brig Fenix arrived from Spain, bringing the captain and crew of the brig Logan, which was lost on the Angorilla Reef, 21st inst. from Boston, bound to Laguna—a total loss.

Sch ROME, from Chagres, for Jamaica, was lost on the Isle of Pines about 5th March—one man was drowned.

Brig ANN ELIZABETH, Harding, reported ashore on Hereford Inlet Bar, bilged 5th March, Capt. H. and crew were compelled to abandon the vessel.

Sch SAMUEL BUTLER, Groves, from Charleston for Baltimore, went ashore 12th March, on the North Carolina. Vessel total loss.

Barque SUNBEAM, from Matanzas, for Philadelphia, went ashore, night



15th March, about seven miles N. of Assateague Light. Capt. L. and his wife and child were lost; the rest of the crew were saved by remaining in the foretop until relief came.

Cape Island, N. J. March 15.

Brig ANN ELIZABETH, and sch. GEORGE WASHINGTON still remain hard on. The situation of the former is hopeless; some 50 bbls. of flour, very much damaged, have been got out, and probably 100 more remain in her hold, which are likely to be got out. The schooner seems to lie easy, and may be got off; but her cargo will scarcely pay expenses should the wreck master get it ashore. From Little Egg, COLUMBUS, Dwyer from Philadelphia for Boston, is ashore on the Outside Bar, and with her cargo, will prove a total loss. Captain and crew landed, securing only their clothes.

Br barque JOHN BELL, from Liverpool for this port, was abandoned 9th March, in a sinking condition; crew taken on board barque Commerce, and arrived at Charleston 17th.

There was a severe gale at Gibraltar 24ult. in which several foreign vessels went ashore.

Sch. E. C. SCRANTON, Redfield, from New Haven, for this port (North River,) in the gale, 17th March, when near Milford, with a fair wind, the vessel suddenly gave a lurch, capsized, and sunk in about 30 feet of water. Those on board, took to the schr's yawl, which soon swamped and upset, the captain gaining the bottom of the boat, and the two others a plank, which was floating near. They were picked up by sch. Mary Johnson, but the men (two,) were so chilled that they died soon after.

Brig MARGARET ANN, of Baltimore, hence, bound to San Juan, Nic. sprung a leak at sea 18th March, during a severe gale, and was abandoned with 3 11-2 feet of water in her hold. Captain and crew taken off by sch. C. Hamblin, and landed at Old Point, Va.

Br. barque Colonel Maul, at this port from Havana, 19th March, 104 miles due East, from the Delaware light

ship, fell in with and boarded the Br sch FANNY BOUHNE, of Dartmouth, N. S. dismasted and abandoned.

Sch CORINTHIAN, from Baltimore to Wilmington, N. C. in going over New Inlet Bar 20th March, struck and bilged. A portion of her cargo saved. The vessel will probably be a total loss.

Sch HENRY CURTIS, of and for New Bedford, from Philadelphia, struck on the reef between No Man's Land and Gay Head, at 2 1-2 A. M. 21st March, filled and sunk in five minutes, leaving about 20 feet of her masts above water. The master (Anthony,) was lost. The crew climbed into the rigging, and two perished; the others were taken off.

Sch REAPER, of Yarmouth, Mass., from Philadelphia, for Boston, sprung a leak, morning 25th March, and was abandoned in a heavy gale same day, off Montauk Point—three of the crew were lost by the swamping of their boat—the captain and mate were picked up by pilot boat Yankee, of this port.

Sch WALTER, J. Doyle, of Elizabeth City, N. C. bound to Charleston, went ashore on Beaufort Bar, during the late gale, and soon went to pieces:

Br sch. A. M. UNIACKE, is stated in a telegraphic despatch from Lunenburg to Halifax, 29th March, to have been wrecked:

Ship SEINE, Williams, of this port, for Harve, was totally destroyed by fire, together with her cargo, 18th of March, in Mobile Bay.

The British ship LUCY ANN, Owens, from Liverpool, 14th January, for New Orleans, went ashore on Briton Island, 4th March, and became a total wreck.

The steamship NORTH AMERICA, Blethen, from San Juan del Sud for San Francisco, with 750 passengers, went ashore night 28th Feb., 30 miles from Acapulco, and became a total loss.

#### Notice to Mariners.

Apalachicola, Jan. 1

The following Light-houses have been entirely swept away, during a severe gale, and it is probable they will

not be replaced, under nine months or one year. No Light ship or temporary light have as yet been substituted in place of either of them.

Dog Island situated lat. 29. 46. N. lon. 81. 41. W. Cape St. George, lat. 29. 35. N. lon. 85. 5. West Cape San Blas, lat. 29. 33. N. lon. 85. 27. West.

#### OFFICIAL.

*Light-house of Salinas, Point of Atalaia Province of Para, Brazil.*

A Light-house has been erected on the Point of Atalaia, Para, Brazil, in lat South  $0^{\circ} 34'$  and long. East of the Island of Ferro of  $330^{\circ} 32'$ , on the system of Fresnel and Arago.

The light will be seen at the distance of 17 miles, and presents the following variations:—Clear and equal light during 70 seconds, an eclipse or darkness during 16 seconds, light rising, very brilliant, and diminishing until it disappears, during 12 seconds, another eclipse during 22 seconds—total, 120 seconds. These phases are repeated every two minutes.

The above notice is published by order of the Brazilian Government for the benefit of those it may concern.

Consulate General of Brazil  
New York, March 11, 1852.

LUIZ H. F. D'AGUIAR,  
Consul General.

#### OFFICE OF THE CARYSFORT REEF LIGHT-HOUSE.

Key West, February 14.

Notice is hereby given, that on and after the 10th of March, proximo, a fixed light of 18 21-inch, reflectors, will be exhibited on the structure recently erected on the Carysfort Reef, Gulf of Florida. The light is elevated 106 feet above the water, and will be visible in clear weather, from a deck twelve feet high at the distance of eighteen statute miles. The structure can be approached from the Eastward within a quarter of a mile—being erected on the most seaward bank or reef—distant about four miles from the Light Ship, as laid down on the charts, and bearing from it E. N. E. (magnetic.)

(Signed.) GEO. G. MEADE,  
Lieut. Topographical Engineers.

London, 5 Cannon Row, Jan. 24

Sir—I beg to acquaint you, for the information of the Committee for man-

aging the affairs of Lloyd's, that a Light-house has been erected in South Australia, at Cape Willoughby, on the South-side of Kangaroo Island, at the entrance of Backstairs Passage into Gulf St. Vincent.

This light will be called the "Star Light," and will guide the mariners from the neighboring colonies Eastward of Adelaide. It is a revolving light, and situated  $35. 50. 37.$  latitude,  $250. S. E.$  longitude.

Elevation—Base, 179 feet; stone capping, 62 feet—total, 241 feet; and visible 8 sea leagues.

The Light-house was erected ready to receive the lantern on its arrival, which was sent from this country in July last, by the ship BENJAMIN ELKIN.

EDWARD BARNARD,

Agent General for Crown Colonies.  
Capt. G. A. Halsted, Sec'y, Lloyds.

The Light-house on Carysfort Reef was lighted on the night of the 10th March, agreeable to previous notice, and displays an excellent light. It is expected that the French apparatus intended for this Light, will soon be obtained and placed on this structure, the present apparatus being a stationary light, and only temporary—it was intended for a revolving light. At present, it can be seen at a distance of twenty miles.

#### Missing Vessels.

Sch. PENELOPE, Dodge, sailed from San Francisco, for San Juan del Sud, about 17th Oct. last, with 82 passengers. The last accounts from San Juan, left her out 94 days, up to which time nothing had been heard from her.

Brig HALLOWELL, which sailed from San Francisco, for Guayama and Mazatlan, 12th of November, had not arrived, and some fears for her safety were entertained, as very heavy gales had occurred on the coast in December.

Barque MARTHA ELLA, (new,) of Portland, Willard, sailed hence January 12th for Havana, and has not since been heard from.—*Portland Advertiser.*



# New York, May, 1852.

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## Anniversary Meeting.

The Twenty Fourth Anniversary Meeting of the American Seamen's Friend Society, will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on Monday evening the 10th inst., at half past 7 o'clock. Judging from the past as well as from the order of exercises, we doubt not, the meeting will be deeply interesting and instructive.

## Another Book.

Of devotion and Christian instruction for seamen. The multiplication of such books, and the demand for them is a significant sign of the times.

This volume is by the Rev. George Macdonnell of Bathurst, New Brunswick; and is entitled a

A BOOK OF DEVOTIONS AND SERMONS,  
DESIGNED CHIEFLY FOR THE  
USE OF MARINERS.

The first part contains a series of morning and evening prayers for thirty one days; and the second part, expository and practical discourses from texts connected with the vocation of sea-faring life. The Psalms to be sung, and the portions of Scripture to be read are indicated, so as to render the religious services at sea in accordance with the Sanctuary observances of the Church of Scotland.

We have examined the book sufficiently to commend it as a valuable Manual for seamen.

It may be found at Carter & Brothers, Broadway, New York.

## Valparaiso Chaplaincy.

VALPARAISO, CHILL, FEB. 24, 1852.

The political disturbances in this country seem now to have reached their complete termination. At the close of the year, a sanguinary battle was followed by a treaty, and quiet was restored, the legal government being acknowledged.

However, there has been one sad finale in the matter, which occurred at the colony belonging to this government, near Port Famine in the Straits of Magellan. It has been used as a penal settlement, with a military garrison. This garrison revolted. They set free the prisoners, some criminal, some political. They then seized the Governor, one of the most estimable young men in the Chilian Navy, who had served for a time on board British ships of war, and kindling a fire, prepared to burn him alive! He, bound near the spot, untreated that he might be spared such a death, and be shot instead. Thus far they relented, and shot him; but then his remains, with those of the priest, treated in the same atrocious manner, were cast into the fire, and the infuriated wretches danced around, singing the national anthem!

The reception of this awful intelligence at this port, some weeks ago, sent a thrill of horror through the hearts of all who dwell here. Barbarity and atrocity, that could only find its parallel among savages, such as this, caused all to shudder at the fate of a man so noble and so excellent.

At the same time, we heard in addition, that they had seized upon an American vessel in the Straits, as well as an English vessel. They had seized the gold that was on board for their own purposes. For the purpose of capturing those offenders, the British Admiral, Moresby, at once despatched the vessels under his command, in pursuit. A steamer went to the Straits, and a frigate to all the southern ports of this coast.

These vessels were successful; and yesterday, the criminals with their stolen ships, were brought into this port. It now proves that the British vessel was the "Eliza Cornish," and the American was the barque "Florida." The Capt., mate, and owner's son of the former, were shot; so was the owner of the latter, a Mr. Shaw, of New Orleans. Whether these mis-

creants will be given up to the authorities of this country for trial, I am not aware. Commodore Macauley came at once from Callao, in the "Raritan," and was, a few days since, at Talcahuano. Many days, I presume, will not elapse, ere he will arrive at this port.

We have also received some very painful intelligence from another portion of the Straits. In the year 1850, a company of seven persons came out from England, to establish a mission among the natives living among the islands and shores of the Straits of Magellan. They encountered difficulties and found no welcome from the savages. Their provisions, which were to have been sent from home, were left at the Falkland Islands; and thus these poor heralds of the Cross were brought into the greatest straits for food, until at last they died, the whole crew, from actual starvation. Capt. Gardiner, an officer of the Royal Navy—a man of great devotion and bravery—was at their head, and he was the last that died. Scraps of paper were found by the vessel that went in search of them, on which he had written his feelings, and the occurrences of each day, until the 6th of September last. Then he had been without food four days; and it is probable he did not survive long after. His expressions of entire coincidence with the ordering and will of God are amazing. His was clearly, a comfort and happiness which terrestrial expectations, never, never, could impart. Not a murmur—not a question—not a doubt, seems to have crossed his mind—but that the severe trial was all wise, and would be all well. It is sad to our view, when such men are thus called to suffer, and die; but it is delightful to see that Christian principles prove adequate to do what no others can—sustain them through it all. And while the reason of this we may not fully see at the present time, yet it may be that God will, by this means, call increased attention to those heathen sections of the globe, and raise up other men, more numerous and appropriate, to carry the knowledge of pure religion and of the world's Saviour, to those degraded

and forgotten people. A well sustained and holy mission, will be a noble monument to Capt. Gardiner, and his companions, who have borne such hardness, as good soldiers in the work of the Gospel.

I have my hopes raised from time to time, by the prospect of a Sailor's Home, or a good sober Boarding House, being established here for them. Just now this has happened; but again, I am disappointed. I told a man, who seemed to be a Christian, although but lately brought to a change of life, that I would pay his rent for a month, if he would find a house and commence. He seemed quite well inclined, but to-day has told me, he does not find his way clear to do it, and that he is going away. If the proper man should undertake the matter, I am quite confident he would do well; and he would confer a great benefit on others. There is not a Sailor's lodging house—and hardly one of any sort for mechanics either—that is not foul with the odor, and noisy with the effects, of ardent spirits. And yet, of both these classes, there are very large numbers here; and some that desire greatly, when they first come at least, to find a place of quiet and sobriety, in which they can have a home. There are many such boarding houses in New York, and men apt for keeping them. I wish one of them might be led to direct his steps hitherward.

In the hospital, at the present time, there are a good many patients; but of them none are in a very dangerous physical condition. A day or two since, I saw them all, and gave them books, papers and tracts to read. For gifts of this sort I almost always find them grateful. I conversed with several of them about personal religion, which they received well; and one or two were frank with me about it.

At my Bible Class, which is held on Sunday in the afternoon, three or four persons connected with the sea have presented themselves, lately, with the regular members of it, and have showed by their answers that they were neither strangers to the theory nor to the practical power of the Gospel.



A shipmaster called on me a long time ago, professing great interest in religion, asking for tracts, and wishing me to come on board his ship. I went twice to see him. However, he has never once attended with us in the public or social worship of God. This I regard as by no means consistent. The public worship of God no man can excuse himself from, continually, if such worship is held, and he has thus opportunity of attending it.

On the last Lord's Day, there were more seamen present at the Chapel, than usual, and they were attentive. Two excellent Captains are now here, who appear really to be refreshed with the ministrations of the word of God

D. TRUMBULL,

Seamen's Chaplain.

### Chaplain's Journal, China.

FLOATING BETHEL,  
Whompoa, Nov. 29th, 1851.

DEAR BROTHER:

I have waited for some weeks for an opportunity to send you this communication, but none has offered till the present. I am still striving to extend the "knowledge of the truth," among "these sons of the ocean." I rejoice that thus far, I have had the pleasure of seeing the blessing of the Lord crowning my feeble labors. Our congregations at the "Bethel" have been *large* and *respectable* all through the summer and autumn. Seldom have we had less than 200; and better attention and decorum, you will not see in any church on land. A few extracts from my journal, *which you desired*, will give you some idea of what I have been doing for the last few months. July 2nd., I was called early in the morning to attend the funeral of a Captain, whom I saw but yesterday in his boat, apparently *well*. I was greatly surprised to hear of his death, and learned from his mate that it was occasioned by exposure to the sun. When the hope of recovery could no longer be indulged, he was thrown into the most violent distress for his soul, and requested I should be sent for; but immediately became delirious, and in a few hours

died, without any evidence of a "good hope in Christ." A large and solemn collection of seamen were present at his burial, and I endeavored to improve the occasion, by urging upon their attention the necessity of a speedy preparation for their final change. July 6th, preached from these words, "Behold the man." The Chapel was well filled: attention, *unusually* good. I was blessed in my labors, and felt the cross exceedingly precious. After service, distributed a number of Tracts and a few Bibles, to sailors who remained behind. July 12th. Overland mail arrived with cheering news from home. Visited one of our fine large clipper ships, just in; I found a cordial reception, and had some conversation with the crew, to whom I gave a few Bibles. I was delighted to find the chief mate to be an easy friend, with whom I had associated in other days; and was assured by him that the early religious instruction of his pious mother, had not been lost on him. He seemed an anxious inquirer for "*the truth*." July 20th. I preached to the largest congregation I have seen yet in the Bethel. One Capt. present, with his entire crew. The day *excessively hot*. Though feeble in body, the Lord was present to strengthen and sustain me. I find untold satisfaction in "preaching Jesus" to the "hardy sailor." There is power in the gospel to make stern visaged men, who shrink not from the danger of the deep, when the "voice of the storm is heard," weep like little children. My soul of late has been cheered with the intelligence from my native land, that God has gloriously revived his work, and that some for whom I have often prayed, have become the subjects of his flock. Such tidings refresh the spirit, as did the breezes from the "delectable hills" the pilgrims in the "land of Beulah." At our prayer meeting in the evening, four pious Captains were present. We were able by faith to claim the promise. I shall never forget the blessedness of that hour. July 31st. Another month has passed away, and how many have I followed to the grave in this "strange land;" and yet my unprofitable life

is prolonged! Oh! that the next month may bear a more favorable account of my faithfulness to God's cause, and my growth in all the "graces of the spirit." August 10th. I was called to see a young officer, of an English ship, in a dying condition. I recognized him as one of my audience of the previous Sabbath. As I approached his bed side, he remarked, he did not think he was then hearing his last sermon, and seemed to manifest the most intense interest for his soul, constantly exclaiming—"I cannot die; I cannot die, without an interest in Christ!" I directed his attention to the Saviour of sinners, urging upon him the immediate necessity of believing in the Lord Jesus, that he might be saved. As he seemed a little calmer, I left, and saw him again the next morning. He still seemed in earnest for his salvation; and I was informed he passed most of the night in prayer. I inquired whether he was not then able to believe in Christ. He replied he *was able* to hope in his mercy; that though he still felt himself a *great sinner*, yet, he rejoiced, that he had found a *great Saviour*. He expressed a willingness—yea, a *desire*—to depart, and be with Christ. After this, he was able to say but little, and soon fell asleep. "in hope of a blessed immortality." Never has it been my privilege to witness a more marked case of God's willingness to save even at "the eleventh hour." From such scenes, I always go with increased courage, to continue my labors. August 12th. Early this morning the wind commenced blowing, and the sky assumed the most singular appearance, with every indication of a "Typhoon." Had the *netting* of the Bethel rolled up. Night came on, and still the wind increased. The Chinese, with their boats, were seen in all directions, hurrying to the shore. Every possible preparation was made among the shipping, to make all secure and to be in readiness for any emergency. But instead of the expected blow, we were favored with a fine shower of rain during the night—cooling the air, and giving us a day of the most delightfully cool weather. August 18th. Visited the "Sailor's

Boarding House," just opened. We have long needed in Whompoo, a home for the sailor, when sick or out of employ. But there has never been any thing of the kind till recently. Found but one sailor in, and not inclined to converse on *any subject*. Manifested the most strange indifference for his soul's interests. Left him with the Tract, entitled, "Dangers of Delay." August 19th. To-day visited the city of Canton, after more than a month's absence; met most of the missionaries at their weekly revision meeting, and learned the missions generally, were in a prosperous state. After a short ramble about the city, returned to Whompoo. Encountered a severe squall on the way back, though not disturbed by the heavy rain, being securely sheltered in my "Sam Pan," or covered boat. Reached home about dusk—glad as usual "to get home." Oh, how sweet! when the journey of life shall be o'er, to reach my final heavenly home! August 24th. Preached from Psalm, 77th c. 19th v.: "Thy way is in the sea, &c" Enjoyed unusual liberty in speaking this word. To God be all the praise. In the evening, three sailors came to our prayer meeting. Two of these seemed deeply convinced of the need so religion, and all expressed a determination to seek the Lord without delay. Our Sabbath evening meetings are increasing in interest. 'Tis highly gratifying to listen to the testimony the pious sailor gives, with all the simplicity and sincerity of his heart, of God's saving power. August 29th. To-day had conversation with a Capt., with regard to sending his men to church on the Sabbath. Said "he did not feel disposed to pay for boats to take them, and they were not disposed to do so themselves. Did not know what more he could do than to give them permission to come, if they chose to do so." September 20th. Attended the funeral of a young man, sick but a few hours. Buried at 8 P. M. The tide and wind being against us, we were late at the funeral, and there, were obliged to wait for the Chinese torches, to light us up from our boats. As we reached the summit of the hills, the full moon shone



out from the clouds that had obscured it, adding much to the interest of the hour. While I walked on over that ground where so many were sleeping under the wide-spreading "olive tree," how many, thought I, of all these, shall have part in the first resurrection? October 2nd. Left early this morning for a few days visit in "Macao." After a pleasant sail down the "Pearl River," arrived about sunset in "Cuming Moon." October 3rd. Went on board the U. S. S. "Saratoga," lying at anchor here. Met with a most cordial reception from the officers. Found a number of the men dangerously ill. One of these had been a wanderer from his father's house, for more than ten years. He said he had but one wish—"to live to reach his home. That he hardly dared look back upon his past life, he had been such a great sinner; was sure he should die as he had lived." He expressed great regret that he had wilfully profaned the Sabbath, and seemed to attribute his great sinfulness to this fact. October 4th. Start for "Macao," with two officers of the "Saratoga." This place is delightfully located, and by far the most picturesque in China. Here for the first time, since leaving my native land, I heard the sound of the "church-going bell." The converts to Christianity here, are mostly "Catholics." Their missionaries have established several large churches, and one nunnery, which seemed to me to be in rather a dilapidated condition. October 16th. This evening while looking out of my window, saw two large "Chinese flower boats" just coming in sight. Got into my boat with a friend, and pulled off to them. Found it to be a wedding party, "going to meet the bride." Their "lamps were trimmed and burning" too. These boats were almost literally covered with lanterns. I ordered my boatman to pull along sidé, while I asked liberty to look into a window. Here I saw a large table, surrounded with "Buddhist Priests," chanting their prayers; while in a corner, sat the bridegroom, surrounded by a "band of fifers," making a most distressing discord. The "Gongs" beat, and "incense papers" burned in abundance,

and all seemed noise and confusion. Presently, in another direction, appeared a similar boat, with the bride and friends. After fifeing and drumming, and making a variety of horrible noises, the bridegroom repaired to the guests chamber, where he received his bride, completely veiled. After this, is the first sight; and if she be *beautiful* or *ugly*, it must be all the same to him. The ceremony ends by receiving presents from the friends of both parties, feasting and dancing till daylight; when the bride is taken to her father's house in a scarlet covered chair, richly decorated with a variety of emblems, of which the "*Bat*" seems to predominate—*this* being the emblem of happiness. Others are interspersed; such as emblems of numerous offspring, long life, &c. October 19th. To-day, preached to the crews of the British steamer "Nemesis," and the U. S. S. "Saratoga." Our chapel was filled to overflowing. In all my attempts to sow the "good seed," I feel in increasing satisfaction, inasmuch as I feel that my labors are not "in vain in the Lord."

Oct. 25th. The weather yet warm but more healthy. Every thing seems remarkably quiet in the "Reach," save occasionally a fleet of Chinese soldier boats passes up the river, to aid in the rebellion, near the city. News came yesterday, that Canton and the towns in the vicinity would soon be "set off" in a separate dynasty to be ruled, by a "new emperor." Should this take place, it must be a most favorable event for China. Nov. 5th. One year ago this day, I sailed from New York. Since then, I have indeed been the child of Providence. God has been my helper in every "time of need." As I recount the mercies of this past year, I feel impelled to dedicate myself anew to God's service; feeling, when I have done all, I shall be an unprofitable servant; I regret I have done no more to save the class of men for whom I labor. But should my life be prolonged still another year. I will be more faithful. Nov. 9th. The time for harvesting has come, and the boat population are all employed in securing a "winter supply of rice." When a field of grain has been

harvested by the owner, it is left for the crowds of beggars, who come on to collect every scattering straw, that nothing be lost. A lesson of economy might be learned almost every day from the poor, among the Chinese. Not long ago, while walking through a public market where rice is weighed for all who buy, I observed crowds of men, women, and children on their knees, watching to secure every kernel that might drop, in the sand. After working a day in this way, one might not get more than a dozen kernels. I have never seen cats or mice eaten here, and am told they are not, save in case of extreme hunger, though I have often seen the most miserable poor dogs and cats exposed in the markets for sale. I send you this per the beautiful clipper ship "Gazelle," Capt Dollard. Until further, I remain yours, in the gospel.

E. H. HARLOW,  
Seaman's Chaplain.

#### Havre Chaplaincy.

HAVRE, Feb. 29th, 1852.

DEAR BROTHER :

In my last I neither gave you an account of what is doing here, nor signed my name to what I did write. The truth is, almost every moment of my time is taken up with seamen.—During the month which closes to-day, I have visited *forty* American, and as many English ships, brigs and steamers. Have conversed with almost every captain and mate, and with many of the sailors, amounting in all to at least *one thousand* persons; and preached to two hundred and fifty in the church. We have an average of ninety at church—sometimes many more. Last month we had at one time twenty American ships in port, and all the masters attended church excepting three. This month we have had 24 at a time in port, and only *ten* have been in the church; there have been more mates. As for sailors, I have found more in prison than in church. In fact hardly a day has passed without some arrest of a sailor. One large room is filled with them. Some are there for drunkenness and uproar in the streets, some

for fighting, some for assaulting women, some for theft, and some for assaulting with knives. I visit them often, and make every effort I can to find out the guilty, and get those who are innocent or guilty only of misdemeanor, set at liberty.

Four have been condemned for stabbing a mate. He has recovered. There is also in prison the 2nd mate of the packet St. Dennis, who struck a sailor, and put out his eye. It was under great provocation, and in passion. He did wrong, but has already been punished enough. I fear, however, he will be sentenced to a large fine, or a year's imprisonment, as the sailor proves to be a Frenchman. The source of all these difficulties is liquor—poisoned brandy, and no remedy can reach the case, unless the shops are closed by authority. We are making an effort to have this brought about. There is too much gain in them however, for any prospect of success in our effort. I never enter a boarding house without finding drunken sailors; sometimes with their knives in a threatening manner, sometimes rolling in madness on the floor. Yesterday I dragged a sailor, who had fallen on a bridge and was in danger of being run over by carts, into a boarding house. He knew neither his ship, captain, nor boarding place; said, "he had been a good fellow, but was now going fast to hell."

March 8th: Preached yesterday; in the morning on the miraculous drought of fishes, Luke 5th. In the evening on a portion of the 107th Ps. Took the opportunity of giving advice to captains, officers and sailors. The house was more than usually well filled. Received the cheering news of a young man who had been led by a sermon he heard me preach three years ago, to think seriously of his apiritual condition, and to seek a deeper knowledge of himself as a sinner, and Christ as a Saviour. The letter was written by his grateful mother. The son is connected with one of the largest establishments in London.

9th: Am happy to learn that a sailor, left without proper attention in the Hospital, and for whom I took the responsibility of prescribing under the



most dangerous circumstances, and against the will of the authorities, has completely recovered through the means adopted, by the blessing of God.

10th :—We have one of the most perfect of days. It is like a June day in New England. Several American ships are leaving our port. One is the packet *Isaac Bell* of New York. This splendid ship is commanded by Capt. Johnston, a gentleman of the highest respectability, and great intelligence, as well as perfectly qualified in all the requisites of nautical life. I am happy to speak of this ship, because of its rational and effective discipline. We have had occasion of late to express our views rather plainly on this subject, and not a few are ready to pronounce them to be purely the offspring of ignorance and prejudice. I often feel obliged to admit, that in some cases a great degree of severity is necessary on ship-board, and that sailors do frequently give a vast amount of trouble to officers when in port; yet I have endeavored always to advocate moral influence and law, in opposition to blows and cursing. And it has given me great satisfaction to find the balance of opinion among captains and mates, in my favor. Personal reasons would be sufficient to induce me thus to write, but I have not allowed them to find expression here, because, there are equally strong inducements of this kind that would lead me to write most favorably about many other ships, for most of the captains who come here are exceedingly kind and friendly. I would freely and gladly commend even an *enemy* whose conduct contributed to a more healthful and happy condition in any department of human calling.

I must say, notwithstanding what I have here asserted, and notwithstanding my sympathy with sailors, that often amongst our *benevolent friends at home*, opinions are entertained of the "generous, honest and open hearted, and withal abused sailor," that need to be greatly modified. There is certainly danger of rendering the truly religious among them vain and others bold to resist authority. I have seen those effects already in some instances. I wish it might be seen and felt, that sailors will become better

just in proportion as people ashore become so, and no faster. Oh, that God would put some power into action that should inevitably reach and save them.

Yours Respectfully,

E. E. ADAMS.  
Seaman's Chaplain.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### The two precious Dollars.

OR A MOTHER'S MEMORIAL OF A DAUGHTER.

DEAR BROTHER

The enclosed eleven dollars is the fruit of good will towards the sailor's cause. Nine dollars were contributed by our congregation as their annual contribution. To to the other two a peculiar interest is attached. They were brought to our house yesterday, by one of our good women, who last August buried a beloved daughter sixteen years of age, and has only one child left. That daughter had been from childhood, remarkable for the correctness of her deportment—a pattern of filial respect, regard for the Sabbath, love of the bible, the sanctuary, the Sabbath school, all the great objects of benevolence, &c,—She was regularly accustomed to give something from her own little treasury to the various charitable objects as they were presented. When she died there were two dollars in silver in her purse. The mother desired to appropriate the money to some sacred cause, as she knew it would be agreeable to the wishes of her daughter. Therefore she took the silver and conveyed it to my hands, for the benefit of the sailor; and as she did it you may imagine, especially if you have buried a beloved child, in the bloom of life, the emotions of her laboring heart, while saying, in substance,—That silver dollar I earned and laid aside, more than twenty years ago, before I was married. Then little did I think what I was keeping it for; as I often denied myself some gratification which I could not indulge without breaking that dollar. When L—was a babe she wore it on her neck, and it has been considered hers ever since. The pieces composing the other dollar were her little store,

rom which she would have drawn from time to time, had she lived, for benevolent purposes. As her sickness was protracted, and hence attended with considerable expense, the mother has sometimes thought that it would be right, and perhaps a duty, in the somewhat straitened circumstances of the family, to expend the money for domestic purposes; but still she felt that she should be happier thinking of it as directly and sacredly devoted to Christ's cause.

Her eyes lingered upon it as she yielded it up, in a manner that showed how tender and precious were the associations connected with the little treasure.

Now dear brother, you will say a word to the hardy sailor about this and cause him to think of the woman that cast in two mites, and "more than they all"

A *Massachusetts Pastor.*

W. H. B.

*Receipts of the American Bethel Society for the quarter ending  
March 31st 1852.*

THOMAS FARNHAM, Treasurer.

Athens, Reformed Dutch Church, \$18 19—Bapt. Church, \$7 37,	\$26 18
Auburn, Young Ladies' Society, to constitute David Smith, L. M.,	4 00
Barrington, Baptist Church,	27 08
Ballona, Presbyterian Church, \$20 05—Meth. Epis'al Ch., \$5 10,	25 15
Bethel, balance,	3 32
Binghamton, Presbyterian Church, \$29 56—Cong'l Church, \$9,	
Mr. M. D. Lockwood, \$5,	43 56
Bristol, Presbyterian Church,	19 50
Buffalo, North Presbyterian Church,	73 52
Canandaigua Cong'l Church, \$64—Meth. Episcopal Ch., \$3 55—	
Miss Betsey Chapin, to con't L. B. Towsley, L. M., \$20,	87 55
Cazanovia, Presbyterian Ch., by S. C. Hitchcock,	20 00
Churchville legacy of Hosea Town, by Zophar Willard, Ex.,	500 00
Catskill, Individuals,	37 50
Clarkson, Congregational Church,	20 92
Cold Spring, Pres. Ch., \$11—Meth. Episcopal Ch., \$8—Baptist	
Church, \$0 75,—R. P. Parrott, Esq., \$10,	29 75
Cortlandville, Presbyterian Church,	5 00
Dundee, in part, Russell A. Hunt, L. M.,	6 00
Dunkirk, Presbyterian Church,	50 00
East Bloomfield, Congregational Church,	42 00
East Palmyra, balance,	6 00
Ellenville, Reformed Dutch Church,	12 50
Fishkill Landing, " " "	7 87
Fort Edward, Baptist Church,	75 00
Geneva, Presbyterian Church, \$61 72—Ref'd Dutch Ch., \$14 33,	75 05
Gloversville, Methodist Episcopal Church,	7 30
Greece, Baptist Church,	13 88
Genesee Presbyte ian Church,	45 00
Homer, Congregational " \$60—Baptist Church, \$20 10,	80 10
Huron, Presby erian " " " " " " " " " " " "	11 00
Kingsboro, Cong'l " " " " " " " " " " " "	25 23
Lagrange, Baptist " " " " " " " " " " " "	18 02
Lancaster, Presbyterian " " " " " " " " " " " "	25 90
Lima, Prebyterian Church, \$22 18—Methodist, \$7 13,	29 31



Lockport, " " \$30—Cong'l Ch., \$24—Lowertown, \$3 50,	57 50
Lyons, " " " " " " " " " " " "	50 00
Middletown, Pres. Ch., Rev. D. D. Wood, L. M., 24 34—Congre-	
gational Church, \$5 37—Baptist Church, \$2 17,	31 91
Milton, Presbyterian Church, . . . . .	3 27
Newark, N. Y. " " . . . . .	27 00
Newburgh, G. W. Emblen, . . . . .	1 00
Newburyport, Mass., Miss F. B. Bannister, . . . . .	5 00
New-Paltz Landing Presbyterian Church, . . . . .	5 68
New York, cash, . . . . .	2 00
North Parma, Baptist Church, balance, . . . . .	3 75
Norwich, Presbyterian Church, by J. Kieshaw, . . . . .	8 00
Ogden, Pres. Ch., \$12 54—Bapt. Ch., \$8 53—Meth. Episcopal	
Church, \$8 55—Young Ladies' Bethel Society, \$11 50—C.	
Voorhies, \$10, . . . . .	51 12
Palmyra, Presbyterian Ch., \$44 80—Baptist Church, \$12 30,	57 10
Parma Centre, Baptist Church, . . . . .	3 79
Parma and Greece, Presbyterian Church, . . . . .	2 93
Peekskill, 2nd Presbyterian " " . . . . .	8 75
Penn-Yan, Presbyterian Ch., \$25—Congregational Ch., \$17 06,	42 06
Poughkeepsie, Mr. Sturtevant, . . . . .	5 00
Prattsburgh, in part, . . . . .	4 00
Princeton, N. J., Rev. Dr. Forsyth, . . . . .	5 00
Rushville, Presbyterian Church, . . . . .	35 90
Saugerties, Reformed Dutch Church, . . . . .	21 01
Sodus, Presbyterian Church, . . . . .	17 02
Ticonderoga, Individuals, . . . . .	21 00
Troy, Sixth st., Presbyterian Church. . . . .	35 78
Utica, Presbyterian Ch., \$36 97—Reformed Dutch Ch., \$40 25,	77 22
Weedsport, Presbyterian Ch., \$5 07—Methodist Ch., \$6 79—	
Thomas H. Bently, \$1, . . . . .	12 86
West Aurora, by Rev. Mr. Sunford, . . . . .	5 00
West Avon, Baptist Church, . . . . .	7 00
Worcester, Mr. Washburn, \$20—P. L. Maen, \$5, . . . . .	25 00
Wolcott, Presbyterian Church, \$19 04—Methodist Ch., \$2 67,	21 71
Articles sold, . . . . .	6 40
	<hr/>
	\$2113 95

### Account of Monies.

From March 15th to April 15th, 1852.

*Directors for Life by the Payment of  
Fifty Dollars.*

Rev. N. H. Eggleston, by Sec-	
ond Cong. Society, Bridge	
Street Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .	50 00
Rev. J. P. Gulliver, Norwich,	
Ct., by C. B. Rogers, (am't	
acknowledged below,) . . . . .	
Rev. William Barnes, by Con.	
Society, Foxborough, Mass.,	
(balance,) . . . . .	38 00

*Members for Life, by the Payment of  
Twenty Dollars.*

Mrs. Harriet N. Locke, by	
Pres. Ch., Springfield, N. J. 21 20	
William H. Peck, by First	
Cong. Soc., Greenwich, Ct., 20 00	
Miss Henrietta Woodworth, by	
Con. Soc., Great Barrington	
Mass., . . . . .	20 00
Mrs. Francis Whiting do do. 20 85	
Miss Emma E. Bowers, Brook-	
lyn, N. Y., by her father,	
(am't acknowledged below,) . . . . .	
D. W. Ingersoll, Brooklyn, N.	
Y., (am't acknowl'd below,) . . . . .	



Mary H. Dutton, Lebanon, Ct.,	daughter, do. do.	2 00
by H. Dutton, Esq., (am't	Cong. Soc., Patchogue, L. I.	11 00
acknowledged below.)	South Pres. Church, South	
Rev. Asa Mann, by Ladies' S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	157 63
F. Society, Exeter, N. H.,	South Soc., Lebanon, Ct.,	47 50
20 00	Com. C. K. Stribbling, U. S.	
Miss Julia G. Boardman, by	N., Annapolis, Md.,	15 00
do do	Church of the Pilgrimage, Ply-	
20 00	mouth, Mass.,	16 00
B. McLean, Simsbury, Mass.,	Mrs. E. H. Hallock, Plainfield,	
(in part.)	Mass.,	1 00
10 00	Cong. Soc., Saybrook, Ct.,	21 65
Arvin Rice, Jr., Hannibal, N. Y.,	Ladies Union Society, Madison,	
20 00	Ct.,	22 00
Samuel G. Lott, by Reformed	Cong. Society, Torrington, Ct.,	
Dutch Ch., Flatbush, N. J.,	(printed Farmington, in our	
20 00	last.)	11 24
John Allgeo, by do. do.	J. F., Southampton, N. Y.,	4 00
20 25	Cong. Soc., Hannibal, N. Y.,	8 00
Frances A. Morgan, Norwich,	Second Ref'd Dutch Church,	
Ct., by her husband, (am't	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,	13 81
acknowledged below.)	Second Presbyterian Ch., Wil-	
m. F. Robinson, New Lon-	liamsburgh, N. Y.,	40 00
don, Ct., by Gen. W., and	Cong. Soc., North Greenwich,	
WMrs. Williams, Norwich, Ct.,	Ct.,	16 75
(am't acknowledged below.)	Maine St., Ch., Norwich, Ct.,	91 00
Gussell Hubbard, Norwich, Ct.,	Second Cong. Soc., do. do.	145 00
(am't acknowledged below.)	Mrs. Lee, Norwich, Ct.,	3 00
Rardner Greene, do. do.	E. A. Bill, do. do.	1 00
by his father, (am't acknowl-	W. H. Hyde, do. do.	1 00
edged below.)	A. H. Emmons, do. do.	1 00
v. James Kimball, by Cong.	North Society, Newburyport,	
Society, Oakham, Mass. \$20,	Mass.,	21 89
Refrom Miss M. D. Lincoln,	Congregational Society, Med-	
26 29	way village, Mass.,	31 50
Mrs. Sarah Gardner, of Provi-	Central Church, Lynn, do.	5 00
dence, R. I., by Mrs. R. A.	Rev. D. Huntington's Society,	
Hurd, (am't acknow'd below.)	Campello, Mass., (balance.)	10 00
Albert Tirrell, by Rev. Mr.	A friend of seamen, Sharon,	
Harding's Congre'n South	Mass.,	1 00
Weymouth, Mass.,	Capt. W. Ryan, N. Edgecomb,	
20 00	Me.,	1 00
Mrs. Susanna Stickney, Water-		
town, Mass., (balance,) 10 00		
<i>Donations.</i>		
From First Soc., Milford, Ct.,		
26 00		
First Reformed Dutch Church,		
Hudson, N. Y.		8 50
Pres. Ch., Huntington, L. I.,		9 85
Congregational Soc., 2d Par-		
ish, West Newbury, Mass.,		8 00
A friend in Patterson, N. J.,		4 00
Jane O. Converse, Windsor,		
Mass.,		1 00
Lydia C. Hume, do. do.		1 00
Cong. Soc., N. Truro, Mass.,		2 00
Cong. Soc., Plainville, Ct.		6 00
A. G. Phelps, Jr., New York,		100 00
Cong. Society, Clinton, Ct.,		10 00
Cong. Soc., Salisbury, do.		45 00
Edwin Newbury, Brooklyn, Ct.,		10 29
A friend, New York,		1 00
Cong. Society, North Hadley,		
Mass.,		9 00
A. mother's memorial of a		

*Legacies.*

From the estate of the late	
Samuel R. Hotchkiss, of	
New Haven, Ct.,	138 16
	<hr/>
	\$138 16

*Sailor's Home, N. Y.*

Young Ladies Sewing Circle, East	
Randolph, Mass., 1 Counterpane, 1	
Comfortable, 5 Sheets, 8 pair Pillow	
Cases, 12 Towels.	
Box of Books and Pamphlet froms,	
Mrs. Howard, Brooklyn, N. Y.	